

From Salvation to Destruction

by Industrious Cow

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2006-03-15 07:53:05

Updated: 2006-03-15 07:53:05

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:18:35

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 892

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A group of Marines escape the Pillar of Autumn and land on the ringworld Halo. They are ready to contribute any way possible to a resistance effort.

From Salvation to Destruction

Disclaimer: I do not own Halo and I am not affiliated with Bungie or Microsoft in any way. I simply own a copy of the game.

Prologue: Prepare for Boarders

The warning klaxons were ear-piercing, and there was no way that anyone could ignore their ugly screeches, not even the lowliest technician who spent all his or her time in the deepest innards of the _Pillar of Autumn's_ engine compartments. On Deck 15, where 1st Platoon, Alpha Company, 2nd Battalion, 307th Marine Regiment, was stationed, the screams combined with searing red and blue lights flashing in every corridor awoke the Marines instead of the usual Reveille, which was broadcast over the ship's intercom. Profane shouts and hoarse grunts greeted the klaxons, and before Cortana, the _Pillar of Autumn's_ AI construct, could announce what exactly was going on, Lieutenant Adriano Firenze barged in, half dressed and yelling at the top of his lungs. The twenty-seven year old Marine had just recently been promoted after the fall of Reach, and when the platoon's original lieutenant had been killed, then First Sergeant Firenze had taken over the platoon and let it back to the ship.

"Alright, shit bags?" Firenze bellowed. The lieutenant hadn't been much of yeller but after the company Master Sergeant Avery Johnson had had a chat with Firenze, he had been all too happy to raise his voice. Due to his thick Italian accent, he often was referred to as "The Chef" by most of his Marines. When he yelled, he sounded exactly like a stereotypical, generic Italian chef. All he needed to do was grow out his hair a little and grow a thick mustache and the squat man would look the part. The only problem was that he had thick curly

red hair, which he kept short to Marine standards, and not the typical black hair of Italians.

Grumbling, Lance Corporal Eric Mason forced himself off the uncomfortable cot assigned to him and checked his watch. "0400, sir, by ship time," the stocky Canadian Marine said. "Any reason why the ship's on full alert?" Mason raised a hand to his face and rubbed his bulging eyes, before grabbing his glasses off the turned over trashcan which served as a nightstand.

"Well, Mason," Firenze said with a grin, "I suspect it has something to do with combat alert. We'll just wait for Cortana to confirm me and then we'll be off to the armory, won't we? In the mean time, get dressed; chow down on some energy bars. I've got a little bit of a feeling it is going to be a long day." With that, the Lieutenant turned his back on the nineteen Marines of 1st Platoon and returned to his separate quarters down the corridor.

The squad leaders took control from there. Even though it was largely under strength, 1st Platoon still managed to fill the required four squads necessary for a platoon to be considered a platoon. Alpha Squad was nothing more than a reinforced fire team, with five Marines, one a soldier certified with the M19 SSM Rocket Launcher, commanded by Sergeant Alan Morris, an American with little experience save for the Reach campaign. Bravo Squad was arranged as a standard fire team, with one sniper and three other Marines commanded by Corporal An Tong, a Vietnamese man who joined the Marines knowing no English and now was a better speaker than most who knew it as a first language. Charlie Squad was commanded by the platoon's First Sergeant, Adan Javiero, with six men, two qualified with both sniper rifles and the deadly M19. Finally, there was Delta Squad, commanded by the Lieutenant, a four-man group with the platoon's communication specialist.

The platoon moved rapidly out of the quarters as Cortana's voice came on over the intercom, confirming Lieutenant Firenze's assumption that the ship was back up on combat alert, and it was on Alpha level. Alpha level was serious and the Marines moved out grimly and wondered disturbingly how bad the close combat against the Covenant boarders would be. Alpha level combat alerts were never used unless a ship was going to be boarded, and boardings were always ugly. Naval personnel usually unarmed or only armed with a pistol that was not loaded or lacked extra ammunition were often killed in the first few moments and the Covenant showed no mercy to unarmed opponents.

The Pillar of Autumn was an immense ship, although relatively small compared to many other human vessels. Even so, it was kilometers long end to end, and there was nothing more than a few hundred Marines and assorted Orbital Drop Shock Troopers, equipped and integrated into Marine units, between the Covenant and the destruction of the ship. As the platoon entered the armory, and grabbed their heavy armor, assault rifles, sniper rifles, shotguns, and extra ammunition, the mood was grim, to say the least. Everyone knew what was expected of themselves. There was no doubt in any of their minds that there was no fallback point past the ship's bridge. They wouldn't leave the ship until the Captain gave the orders to abandon it, and even then most of the Marines knew they wouldn't be leaving, especially if the order was given.

End
file.